

BLEINHEIM.

By Lord Littleton.

By John Phillips.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C X X V I I I .

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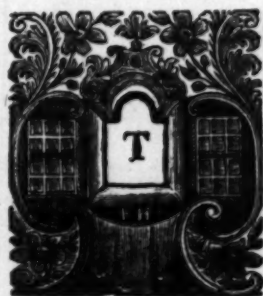
By George Lyttelton, 1st baron Lyttelton

95/10



TO THE
Lady *DIANA SPENSER*.

M A D A M,



HIS Paper of Verses is printed by the Commands of an indulgent Governor, whose Partiality to me, may have made him think better of them, than perhaps they deserve.

MAY not the interesting Subject, have produc'd the like Effect in the Dutcheſs of *MARLBOROUGH* and your Ladyship, when You were pleas'd

DEDICATION.

pleas'd to desire they should be made publick?

BUT whatever Motive your Approbation is owing to, it will always be of so great Advantage to me, that the World which thinks so well of your Ladyship, will never absolutely condemn what you are pleas'd to protect.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most Humble,

A N D

Most Obedient Servant.



BLEINHEIM.



PARENT of Arts, whose skilful Hand first taught
 The tow'ring Pile to rise, and form'd the Plan
 With fair Proportion; Architect divine,
 MINERVA; Thee to my advent'rous Lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 BLEINHEMIA, Monument of *British* Fame,
 Thy glorious Work! For thou the lofty Tow'rs
 Didst to his Virtue raise, whom oft thy Shield
 In Peril guarded, and thy Wisdom steer'd
 Through all the Storms of War. — Thee too I call,
 THALIA, *Sylvan* MUSE, who lov'st to rove
 Along the shady Paths and verdant Bow'rs
 Of *WOODSTOCK*'s happy Grove: There tuning sweet
 Thy rural Pipe; while all the *Dryad* Train
 Attentive listen; Let thy warbling Song
 Paint with melodious Praise the pleasing Scene,
 And equal these to *PINDUS*' honour'd Shades.

WHEN EUROPE freed, confess'd the saving Pow'r
 Of MARLB'ROUGH's Hand; BRITAIN who sent him forth
 B Chief

Chief of Confederate Hosts, to fight the Cause
 Of LIBERTY and JUSTICE, grateful rais'd
 This Palace, sacred to her Leader's Fame:
 A Trophy of SUCCESS; with Spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd Towns, and glorying in the Name
 Of that auspicious Field, where CHURCHILL's Sword
 Vanquish'd the Might of *Gallia*, and chastis'd
 Rebel BAVAR. — Majestick in its Strength
 Stands the proud Dome, and speaks its great Design.
 Hail happy Chief, whose Valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious! Grateful Nation hail,
 Who paidst his Service with so rich a Meed!
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The *Hero* or the *People*? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their Virtues in an equal Scale.
 Not thus *Germania* pays th' uncancell'd Debt
 Of Gratitude to Us. — Blush, CÆSAR, blush,
 When thou behold'st these Tow'rs, ingrate, to Thee
 A Monument of Shame. Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an *English* Arm
 Did for thy Throne that Day? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy Guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate Heart against the Sense
 Of Obligation infinite, and know
 BRITAIN like Heav'n, protects a thankless World
 For her own Glory, nor expects Reward.

Pleas'd with the Noble Theme, her Task the MUSE
 Pursues untir'd, and through the Palace roves
 With ever-new Delight. The Tapisstry rich
 With Gold, and gay with all the beauteous Paint
 Of various-colour'd Silks, dispos'd with Skill,
 Attracts her curious Eye. Here *Ister* rolls
 His purple Wave: And there the *Granick* Flood
 With passing Squadrons foams; here hardy *Gaul*

Flies

Flies from the Sword of *BRITAIN*; there to *Greece*
 Effeminate *Persia* yields. — In Arms oppos'd
MARLB'ROUGH and *ALEXANDER* vie for Fame
 With glorious Competition; Equal both
 In Valour and in Fortune, but their Praise
 Be different, for with different Views they Fought;
 This to subdue, and That to free Mankind.

Now through the stately Portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer Glories turns, and seeks
 The Woodland Shade, delighted. Not the Vale
 Of *TEMPE* fam'd in Song, or *IDA*'s Grove
 Such Beauty boasts: Amid the Mazy Gloom
 Of this Romantick Wilderness once stood
 The Bow'r of *ROSAMONDA*, hapless Fair,
 Sacred to Grief and Love; the Crystal Fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous Limbs,
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the Face
 Of *SPENSER*, lovely Maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flowry Brink, and views those Charms,
 Which only *ROSAMOND* could once excel.
 But see where flowing with a nobler Stream,
 A limpid Lake of purest Waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd Arch, stupendous Work,
 Through which the *Danube* might collected pour
 His spacious Urn! Silent a while, and smooth,
 The Current glides, till with an headlong Force,
 Broke and disorder'd down the Steep it falls,
 In loud Cascades; the Silver-sparkling Foam,
 Glitters relucient in the dancing Ray.
 In these Retreats repos'd the mighty Soul
 Of *CHURCHILL*, from the Toils of War and State,
 Splendidly Private, and the tranquil Joy
 Of Contemplation felt, while *BLEINHEIM*'s Dome
 Triumphal, ever in his Mind renew'd

The

The Mem'ry of his Fame, and sooth'd his Thoughts
 With pleasing Record of his glorious Deeds.
 So by the Rage of Faction, home recall'd,
 LUCULLUS, while he wag'd successful War
 Against the Pride of *Asia*, and the Pow'r
 Of MITHRIDATES, whose aspiring Mind
 No Losses could subdue, enrich'd with Spoils
 Of conquer'd Nations, back return'd to *Rome*,
 And in magnificent Retirement spent
 The Evening of his Life—— But not alone,
 In the calm Shades of Honourable Ease,
 Great MARLB'ROUGH peaceful dwelt: Indulgent Heav'n
 Gave a Companion to his softer Hours,
 With whom conversing, he forgot all change
 Of Fortune, or of State, and in her Mind
 Found Greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in Her—— Thus each by each admir'd
 In mutual Honour, mutual Fondness join'd:
 Like two fair Stars with intermingled Light,
 In friendly Union they together shone,
 Aiding each others Brightness, 'till the Cloud
 Of Night eternal quench'd the Beams of one:
 Thee CHURCHILL first, the ruthless Hand of Death
 Tore from thy Consort's Side, and call'd thee hence,
 To the sublimer Seats of Joy and Love;
 Where Fate again shall join her Soul to thine,
 Who now, regardful of thy Fame, erects
 The Column to thy Praise, and sooths her Woe
 With Pious Honours to thy Sacred Name
 Immortal. Lo! where towering on the Heighth
 Of yon Aerial Pillar proudly stands
 Thy Image, like a Guardian God, Sublime,
 And awes the Subject Plain: Beneath his Feet,
 The *German* Eagles spread their Wings, his Hand

Grasps Victory its Slave. Such was thy Brow
 Majestick, such thy Martial Port, when *Gaul*
 Fled from thy Frown, and in the *Danube* fought
 A Refuge from thine Ire. ——— There where the Field
 Was deepest stain'd with Gore, on *Hochstet's* Plain,
 The Theatre of thy Glory, once was rais'd,
 A meaner Trophy, by th' *Imperial* Hand;
 Extorted Gratitude; which now the Rage
 Of Malice Impotent, befeeming ill
 A Regal Breast, has levell'd to the Ground:
 Mean Insult! this with better Auspices,
 Shall stand on *British* Earth, to tell the World
 How *MARLB'RO'UGH* fought, for whom, and how repay'd
 His Services. Nor shall the constant Love
 Of her who rais'd this Monument be lost
 In dark Oblivion: That shall be the Theme
 Of future Bards in Ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with *CHAUCE*R's Fire, who in these Groves
 First tun'd the *British* Harp, and little deem'd
 His humble Dwelling should the Neighbour be
 Of *BLEINHEIM*, House Superb; to which the Throng
 Of Travellers approaching, shall not pass
 His Roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With Rev'rence due. Such Honour does the *MUSE*
 Obtain her Favourites. ——— But the noble Pile
 (My Theme) demands my Voice. ——— O Shade, ador'd
MARLB'RO'UGH! who now above the starry Sphere,
 Dwell'st in the Palaces of Heav'n, enthron'd
 Among the Demi-Gods, deign to defend
 This thy Abode, while present here Below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal Fame;
 With tutelary Care preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying Hand, and cruel Stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless Rage.

Here may long Ages hence, the *British* Youth
 When Honour calls them to the Field of War,
 Behold the Trophies which thy Valour rais'd ;
 The Proud Reward of thy successful Toils
 For *Europe's* Freedom, and thy Country's Fame :
 That fir'd with gen'rous Envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy Deeds. — So shall thy Name,
 Dear to thy Country, still inspire her Sons
 With martial Virtue ; and to high Attempts
 Excite their Arms ; till other Battels won,
 And Nations sav'd, new Monuments require,
 And other *BLEINHEIMS* shall adorn the Land.

F I N I S.

